

The Times' Daily Short Story.

How She Was Won

(Original.)

It was about 1880 that Alphonse Normandin came to New Orleans from Paris. He had fought sixteen duels and had killed nine of his antagonists. Friends or relatives of his victims had several times sought to take a life for a life, but they had all been wounded or killed. The truth was that Normandin was so skilled in all weapons, so especially fitted with eyes, delicacy of touch and nerve, that he was invincible.

One evening Normandin was sitting with friends in a cafe adjoining a hall where a masked ball was in progress. A man dressed to represent Memphis-tophees and wearing a mask entered, walked straight up to the table where Normandin was seated, took up a glass of wine standing on the table before the duelist and threw it in his face.

Normandin paled. This was the first time in his life that he had been thus deliberately insulted. Wiping the wine off his face, he half arose and asked: "Who are you, sir?"

"The devil!"

"Take off your mask."

"That I will do when I have killed you. You shall look upon my face as you pass below to my kingdom."

"I do not fight with unknown persons."

"You shall do so now or I will kill you where you sit."

"And if I fight?"

"I will kill you anyway."

Those sitting about noticed that Normandin was not his usual self. Attempting to look unconcerned, he put his thumb and finger on the stem of a wineglass and raised it to his lips. His hand trembled.

"When and where can my seconds find you?" he asked of his enemy.

"Now and here." Turning to two gentlemen in evening dress who had entered with him, he added, "These will accommodate you." Then he went and sat down at a table in a corner of the room while the arrangements were being made. Normandin wished delay, but the stranger said "Now." Normandin, however, though the challenger, was allowed the choice of weapons, for his enemy said that since he was going to kill him it made no difference with what weapon he did the deed. This added to Normandin's loss of nerve. He had intended to choose a short sword, with which few persons were practiced and with which he was an expert, but he had never before known a case where the challenger had been given the choice of weapons. This was supreme indifference.

Within an hour after the insult had been given the principals were fighting in a large unfurnished room forming the whole top story of a dwelling house, lighted by lamps. The stranger still wore his devil's dress and was

masked. Short swords were in the hands of both adversaries. The stranger showed skill in fencing, but not extraordinary skill. Normandin was plainly out of nerve. This made an even contest of it. They fenced for some time without either getting the advantage. But there was a certain spring in the stranger which increased, while Normandin was heavy and growing heavier. There was something uncanny in the devil's costume. The mouth of the mask was cut to represent a leer, and through two holes above a pair of glittering eyes looked out, it seemed to Normandin, in malicious triumph.

"You can't kill me, nor I you," said Normandin presently. "It is a draw."

Normandin's seconds looked at each other in surprise.

"I shall kill you," replied the other confidently.

"When?"

"Now."

Gathering his strength, he made a lunge and shoved his sword up to the hilt in Normandin's breast. As Normandin fell the stranger took off his mask.

"I am your friend," he said, "of young Alphonse Mercier, the last of your victims. In killing him you broke the heart of the young girl to whom he was engaged. I determined to avenge her. I knew you to be only vulnerable through your nerve. I have attacked your nerve and have beaten you. I am but a fair swordsman."

Normandin made no reply, for he was dying. He continued to stare at the speaker till his eyes became glazed. Then the latter, handing his weapon to his second, got into a carriage and was driven away.

This was neither the first nor the last act in a drama of which it was a part. The first is this:

Alphonse Mercier, a young man who had just come of age, wooed and won Eugenie Lefevre, the daughter of a wealthy cotton broker of New Orleans.

Another suitor was Captain Roosevelt of the United States engineers, on duty in the Crescent City and fifteen years older than Mercier. When Tracy heard that his successful rival had fallen a victim that Normandin might keep up in New Orleans the role he had played in Paris, he began a series of investigations, with a view to punishing the murderer. He found that Normandin was a wonder with every weapon. Proceeding, however, on the theory that such men are dependent on their nerve, he resolved to make an effort in that direction.

All New Orleans rejoiced that the Frenchman had been put out of the way from doing any more harm, and one of the first to hear of the duel was Eugenie Lefevre. Of the meeting after it occurred between her and Captain Tracy there is no mention, but it must have been one to stir the deepest emotions in the young girl. Certain it is that at the expiration of a year Miss Lefevre became Mrs. Captain Tracy. ESTHER BRENTON.

Boom! Boom!! Boom!!!



That's the way Grant's guns thundered at Vicksburg and Lee's guns thundered at Fredericksburg. Each of them thundered a little louder than the other fellow at each place and won the battle.

The war is over long ago, but booming still wins.

Make this town and the country around it your battleground, and then boom!

If you boom loud enough, people will come from afar off to find out what's up. Then a little more booming will take them prisoners and add them to the population. Then they will begin booming, and other winning captives will come in.

This is the inside history of every town on earth that amounts to anything more than a hill of beans.

Booming may be done in many ways. A board of trade can do it. A commercial club or business men's club can do it. You can do it individually.

If you don't believe in this town, why do you live here? If you do believe in it, why don't you boom it? Every new family means money in your pocket if you are in business here or own property here. If you make your living by working here, every increase of population tends to increase your wages, every new industry brought to town tends to enlarge your opportunities for making a good living.

Batteries in a battle boom together. If only one gun booms now and then it helps some, but when they all boom together something big is going to happen right off. It's just the same with town booming. When we all boom together, the things we desire to have happen will begin happening.

Now, suppose you who read this suggest through the columns of this paper some method of rousing our boom batteries and making a noise that will bring people running into this town to go into business, start a factory, develop some of our natural resources.

N. B.—BOOM! BOOM!! BOOM!!!

BILL YARDLEY'S FALL

How One Mean Act Ruined a Worker's Life.

A TRAITOR TO HIS FELLOWS.

Story of a Coal Miner Who Spied on His Collaborators to Further the Ends of His Employer—Treachery Brings Terrible Retribution.

In a mining town of northern Pennsylvania there lived at one time a young man of the name of William Yardley. He held a responsible position with a company which was operating a coal mine in the town, the principal owner of which was at that time a man of the character of Mr. Gragird, a cold, scheming man, whose god was the dollar and whose aim was to bring the soul of every man in his employ into the most complete subjection to his will and, failing in this, to make his life as miserable as possible.

He was polite to all, but a sneer of the cynical type always greeted the unfortunate man who was in the least independent or manly in his character; hence his men all grew to detest and dread him with a feeling akin to fear. He was delighted with this. He spurned their friendship with magnificent contempt. A mule or a horse of his own was of value to him; not so his men. They were objects of the utmost indifference except as they ground out the toll that would yield them pittance that each was to get as his pay for all that could be got out of him in his work. To the other members of the firm Mr. Oakes was a man of grand and mighty parts, a kind of King Solomon, whose place they could not fill. The small boys held him in utter abject terror, an ogre of evil omen.

It was about this time that William Yardley received a summons to the presence of Mr. Oakes. "William," said the great man, "I understand the men are not satisfied and are unlifting in some way to strike against us. Now, you are the very man that can find out the leaders of this thing, and I want you to get into the society or whatever it is and let me know who are the head men of it and I'll—well, I'll have some fun with them."

William Yardley hesitated. This was an act at which his soul revolted. Oakes saw this, and his wrath was at once aroused. "William Yardley," said he, "my wish should be your law, but never mind, you may look out for another job or do as I tell you at once." Poor Yardley drew back as if a snake had bitten him. Then he thought of his young wife and three little ones at home. Oakes was unmoved. "What say you?" he asked between his teeth. "Mr. Oakes, I'll try to do as you say," he replied. The remark of the coal mine gave a low growl of satisfaction and said, "You will try at once to get all the information you can of the intentions and objects of the men and let me know it all and give no hint of it to any one else and your promotion to a better position will soon follow if the information you get is of any value to me."

When Yardley told his wife of this new employment, her indignation and disgust knew no bounds. "William Yardley," said she, "why didn't you throw up your work on the spot and be a man? The children and I would not starve. God will not leave me forsake you or me, if we do right, and you know it is not right to do this wicked work for Mr. Oakes, and, oh, please don't do one spark of it, don't, don't, don't, for no good will come of it, you may be sure." But Yardley went doggedly to his low task with the remark that it was bread and butter or nothing to him.

Within two weeks the town was in an uproar, all work was suspended and the life of William Yardley was openly menaced as his part in the exposure of the movement of the men was revealed. "Spy, traitor, villain," were the terms that greeted his ears at every turn. His children could not go to school, his wife did not venture on the streets, and the unhappy man was soon obliged to seek safety in flight. He went to a far western state, but even there the story of his treachery to his fellow workmen soon followed him, and to this day he is never regarded as a man that is worthy of trust or confidence.

He is at this time a man utterly dejected and precariously old, his brave wife is long since dead and his sons are suffering by the stain which rests upon his name in spite of years of exemplary conduct.

Mr. Oakes gained an immense fortune, but among his men he was never anything but "Old Oakes" and an object of utter dislike and hatred to them all, while the entire working force of the mine has changed several times in the twenty years that have gone since these events; not one of the "old hands" was there ten years ago, and Truckleton is today a dismal old tumble-down relic of the past. Mr. Oakes, the Rev. Mr. Nickerson and all the old citizens of the place are gone.

Ask any one now a resident of the town to point out their resting places and all they will reply, "I don't know, but I hear that old Jim Oakes was a tough un, and as to the old minister and the rest, if they did any good I haven't heard of it, that's all."—Dr. U. M. Weideman in American Federationist.

Paper Yarn.

Paper Yarn has been spun and woven at Verriens, in Belgium, for two years past. The paper cord is largely used for tying small packages. The making manufactured there has rendered admirable service and seems to replace the jute article perfectly. Sacks of this material have been very successfully employed as mail bags.

Knives.

Knives laid by for a time are apt to become rusty and to spoil. Rubbing the blades with vaseline will keep them in perfect order.

TRAIN AND TRACK.

Japan's first interurban railroad was recently opened.

A Paris syndicate is seeking permission to build six new railway lines in Spain.

The Bavarian railway authorities as a temperance measure have directed that coffee, with sugar, be supplied free to train attendants and to a large class of station and permanent way men while on duty to the amount of one liter—little less than a quart—a day.

Henry F. Shaw, the well known mechanical engineer, of Roxbury, Mass., has recently had patented a new type of his famous balanced locomotive, which he maintains would be adopted by all the railroads of the country on which high speed is made reduce the liability to accident at least 57 per cent.

GLEANINGS.

Remains of irrigation systems 4,000 years old have been excavated in South Africa.

For drainage and irrigation Holland has the astonishing total of 1,900,000 miles of canals and ditches.

In Russia the nobility enjoy freedom from poll tax. In Germany certain noble families pay no taxes at all.

Wrestling is the popular sport of Persia. Great tournaments are held to decide supremacy of districts.

A London policeman arrests on an average no more than nine persons in a year. A Parisian arrests twenty-eight.

In Austria only 38 per cent of the inhabitants are engaged in agriculture, while in the sister country, Hungary, 64 in each 100 are engaged in tilling the land.

VAGARIES OF FASHION.

Ready Made Buttonholes—Modish Fancies in Beltdom.

Buttonholes are sold by the yard in some of the shops. They are worked in an inch fold of thin muslin and are especially useful on sheer fabric waists which are finished with a blind fastening. They are also practical for underclothing. These buttonholes are not made by hand, but are far superior to those seen on most ready made garments. To the woman who has to do her sewing at night they are a veritable blessing.

Colored linen belts are made with stitched plaits and come in pink, blue, brown and lavender. A white em-



A PONGEE COSTUME—5578, 5579.

broided belt that would be becoming to a short waisted woman is extremely narrow in the back, but widens out in front and is finished with a large oval buckle. This belt should be worn in front so as to give as long a line as possible. Women who pride themselves on their trim appearance prefer the two piece belt to any of the others. It is a simple matter to put the two pieces belt together after it comes from the laundry. One end of the belt is run through the buckle and fastened underneath with a button and buttonhole. A pearl button on the belt is visible in the middle of the buckle, through which the other end is drawn and buttoned.

Striped suitings are extremely smart for the tailored gowns so much worn this season. Gray and white is the favorite combination, but white and brown or tan and blue is very attractive.

The costume in the cut is of natural colored pongee trimmed with bands of light brown silk. The cape wrap has a collar of embroidered muslin that gives a dainty touch to the whole.

JUDIC CHOLLET.



DAVID J. BREWER.

Associate justice of the supreme court of the United States, whose early retirement is rumored.

THE TERROR'S DINNER

"Rattlesnakes on Toast" Was the Cowboy's Order.

BUT HE MET WITH HIS MATCH

The Promptness With Which the Tough Waiter Served the Dish Took the Terror's Nerve Away—The Repeat and the Final Request.

Away back in 1870 a man named Turpin established a restaurant in Yuma, and among Turpin's original employees was a waiter named Job Straight, who could shoot with great precision, play draw poker with unvarying success and pack eighteen plates of miscellaneous grub upon one bare arm at one time. He could execute all the prevailing melodies either on piano or guitar, and he possessed the most tremendous baritone voice ever heard in Arizona. Why, men sometimes went to Turpin's just to hear Joe deliver gastronomic orders. No perfect description can be given of that voice, however, except to say that at times it really did make things clatter.

Once a fresh young cowboy from near Gila Bend entered Turpin's for a Christmas dinner who took a startling concoction as an appetizer and then dropped dead like a table and roughly shouted to Straight:

"Say, there, Baldy! Bring me some grub!"

Job was at first appalled; but, recovering his nerve limit of equanimity, he brushed an imaginary breadcrumb from the frescoed tablecloth and whisked a bill of fare from the variegated castor and placed it before the new young terror of the Bend.

"Take it away!" cried the latter in tones that could give Straight's ordinary, everyday baritone a castle and checkmate in five moves. "I don't want to read your damned old tract. I don't care a darn who come into the world to save sinners. Bring me some grub—grub! Grub! Grub! Grub!"

"What do you want?"

"Rattlesnakes on toast! And I want you to hump yourself!"

"What's that?"

"I've given my order, you baldheaded old cigar store sign, and I want you to get a move on yourself, p. d. q. Rattlesnakes on toast!"

"Rattlesnakes on toast!" cried Job to the cook in accents that would have paralyzed Carl Formes had that old basso profundo been living and heard them.

"Rattlesnakes on toast!" was the reverberating response from the cook upon receiving the order.

There were a dozen or more people in the restaurant, and their eyes were at once turned on the young person from the Bend and the infuriated waiter.

In the meantime the cook had taken a big catfish and cut it into four strips and rolled these strips in butter, so that they much resembled the vland ordered, and after placing them in the frying pan he stuck his head out of the kitchen and shouted to Job:

"You want them rattlers rare or well done?"

The waiter repeated the interrogatory in a cyclonic way, and the terror replied in as violent a tone and manner as he could command, "Well done, with plenty of gravy and Chili Colorado."

And then Job thundered to the cook:

"Well done, with plenty of Chili Colorado, hot as —, a' mooseasin gravy on the side and bechettes of sand crane livers and Gila monster lights!"

There was an instantaneous dead silence in that restaurant, and all eyes were again cast upon the terror and the waiter. The former turned ashen pale and began to weaken perceptibly, while Job gazed at his victim.

"Maybe you don't think we can serve all the market affords," muttered Job. "Maybe you don't like mooseasin gravy or bechettes a la mode. Maybe you ain't hungry!"

"Say! You've got me—I ain't hungry, so help me. I couldn't eat a single hard boiled egg. Countermand that damned order, old man, and I'll pay all expenses and set 'em up as long as anybody can drink. Beg pardon, gentlemen, all. My first attempt to be a terror—pardon me, gentlemen. It's my last!"

And then he handed his revolver to Job and added:

"Take that pistol, old man, as a present and promise me that the next time any damned fool comes in here and calls for rattlesnakes on toast you'll shoot him dead!"

But Straight was too raving mad all the way through to willingly emerge from a situation only tolerably triumphant. So he took the weapon just as the order was being placed on the table and, pointing it at the terror, exclaimed:

"Now, then, my boy, dump yourself into that chair and eat them snakes—bones, skin and all!"

The young fellow did as he was commanded, but after finishing his repeat staggered the uncompromising Job by shouting:

"I say, Baldy, bring me another plate of snakes!"—Denver News.

Wanted New Ones.

A traveler putting up at a fifth class hotel brought the "boots" up with his sissy storming.

"Want your room changed, sir?"

"What's the matter, sir?"

"The room's all right," fumed the guest scowlingly; "it's the fleas I object to, that's all."

"Mr. Bloeba," howled the landlady in an unmitigated sort of voice, "the gent in No. 6 is satisfied with his room, but he wants the fleas changed."—Illustrated Bits.

Birth Superstition.

It is an old saying that those who were born in the last six months of the year will have a great change of experience every seventh year, and their dreams will have significance during the full of the moon.

QUESTION OF POLICY.

Why Trades Unions Insist on the Closed Shop.

A LESSON OF EXPERIENCE.

It Has Been Demonstrated That Unionist and Nonunionist Cannot Work Together in Harmony—What Open Shop Means to the Union Man.

In an address delivered recently at Los Angeles, Clarence Darrow, the Chicago lawyer, discussed the open shop. He said in part:

Employers ceased long ago to fight the unions directly. They loudly proclaim that they believe in labor unions, but they object to the way the labor unions are managed. That is, they believe in the organizations, but they object to everything they do. If the men would organize and appoint the employers to manage the unions, the latter would have no objections to trades unionism, but, of course, such an organization would be futile for the purposes for which it is intended. The last device of the employer has been to stand for what they call the "open shop," with a right to hire whom they will, regardless of whether they are members of the union or not. As a matter of law and a matter of right, within the meaning that is commonly understood, the employer has a perfect right to say that he will run an "open shop," that he will hire union men or nonunion men, as he sees fit, or hire both or neither, as he sees fit. On the other hand, the workman has an equal right to say he will not work unless he belongs to the union and he will not work with anybody who does not belong to the union, and then it is a question of strength as between the two.

The only legal way the workman can enforce the "closed shop" is by refusing to work with a nonunion man, or, in other words, by a "strike." There can be no gainsaying his right to do this. The employer loudly proclaims that a man has an inalienable right to work for whom he pleases and for such price as he pleases. There never was any inalienable right to work, and there never can be any inalienable right to work under the present industrial system. If there were an inalienable right to work, then there ought to be an inalienable right to get a job, and every workman ought to have the right to go and find that job. All the inalienable right a man has is to get a job if he can.

The question of an "open" or "closed" shop is not a question of law or a question of right. It is a question of policy alone. Labor unions have never insisted upon the "closed shop" as a matter of caprice. It has come from experience and from reason. The union man and nonunion man never did and never can work together in peace and harmony. The interests of the employer and the employees are antagonistic. The employer and his boss are naturally against the union because from their standpoint the union is against their business. They interfere with wages, with hours, with conditions. They are a nuisance to the business.

Put the nonunion man and the union man together in the same shop. Every place of advantage is given to the nonunion man; every place of disadvantage is given to the union man. The places of danger go to the union man; the extra holidays to the nonunion man; the hard task to the union man; the highest wages to the nonunion man; the lowest to the union man.

When times are hard the union man is the first to "walk the plank." If he becomes too active in his union—that is, too industrious over his own affairs and not industrious enough over his employer's—he is at once discharged. He holds his position at his peril from the moment he takes it. He is working in a shop where the highest premium is placed upon a man who does not belong to the union and where the union man is living upon sufferance. He knows that under these circumstances he cannot maintain his union. However much a workman may disbelieve in the union, the union man knows that, if he undergoes the hardships and dangers and expenses of a strike and succeeds, the nonunion man is the first to ask for the increased pay. He understands that the trades unionist undergoes all the dangers, expenses, hardships and privations incident to unionism, while the nonunion man reaps all the rewards. No workman will pay dues, will suffer privation, will take chances of placing his job in jeopardy, while the nonunion man, and he alone, profits by his sacrifice.

The "open shop" is really a misnomer. All it ever meant or can mean under present industrial conditions is an open back door through which the union man can be turned into the street at the employer's will.

President Noll Exonerated.

The many friends of Robert P. Noll, general president of the International Brotherhood of Railroad Freight and Baggage Men, whose headquarters are in Boston, will be glad to learn that he has been exonerated from the charge of embezzlement brought against him by A. H. Bosner, who, it is said, is an expelled officer of the organization. Mr. Noll and his personal counsel went to Lancaster, Pa., to meet the charge. An examination of the books showed the court that the organization owed Mr. Noll \$750 for salary. The court decided to throw the case out, stating that the charge was entirely unwarranted.—Boston Globe.

Advocate a Union Home.

Many members of the United Association of Plumbers, Gas Fitters and Steam Fitters are urging that the organization establish a home for the aged and infirm along the same lines as the typos.

Marbles and Agates.

Most of the stone marbles used by boys are made in Germany. The use only of the marble and agate quarries employed, and this is treated in such a way that there is practically no waste.



Baker's Extracts

COMPLY WITH ALL FOOD LAWS

Always have and always will. But desire for profit is a human weakness, and dealers frequently substitute a compound extract on which the profit is greater, unless you specify Baker's and insist upon it.

BAKER EXTRACT COMPANY

DAUGHTERS OF TOIL.

The Number of Breadwinning Women Increasing Rapidly.

The department of commerce and labor has just issued a special report on women workers in the United States. As is the case with most government reports, the statistics presented are several years old. But as it is well known that the percentage of women wage earners is constantly growing the figures covering the period 1880-1900 will be understood as not fully representing present conditions. The report under this head says:

"The extent to which women are engaged in breadwinning pursuits is increasing. At the census of 1880 the number of women sixteen years of age and over reported as having a gainful occupation was 2,358,088; in 1900 it was 4,833,650, an increase of 2,475,562, or 105.3 per cent. In other words, the number of women at work more than doubled in this interval of twenty years. Of course the increase was in part the result of the growth of population. But this accounts for not much more than one-half of the total increase, and it is probable that there were over a million women engaged in gainful occupations in 1900 who would not have taken up such occupations if conditions and tendencies had remained the same as they were twenty years before. The increasing participation of women in industrial pursuits is indicated by the increase shown in the percentages. Of the women sixteen years of age and over 16 per cent were at work in 1880, 19 per cent in 1900 and 20.6 per cent in 1900."

VANITY'S VISIONS.

Striped Shirt Waists For Morning Wear—New Handkerchiefs.

Plain white shirt waists may have forfeit some of their popularity, for colored and striped blouses in both silk and wash materials are to be seen at the most fashionable establishments. The colored and striped wash waists are made very simple, generally buttoning in front, with stiff linen collars and cuffs, much on the regulation tailor made model.

Fine all over embroideries, flouncings, insertions, etc., into which touches of delicate color are introduced, will be



BLUE CHAMBRAY GOWN—6097.

used to a considerable extent. White batiste embroidered in colors is very popular as a trimmer.

The newest handkerchiefs are so thin that one is suspicious of the service that they will give. They are extremely narrow hemmed and are so small as to be conveniently slipped into a card-case.

Figure and duck suits are wonderful if smart trimmed with soutache braid put on in fanciful patterns.

There are "cont sets" for collars and cuffs of two toned faces, coffee and cream, cream and white, etc., with the deeper tone edging the paler color.

Here is a charming little blue chambray for the small girl. Hand embroidery trims the front panel and the skirt, and the bodice trimmings are of fancy heading. JUDIC CHOLLET.